

Jewish France / Book Two / IV

< Jewish France | Book Two

[Edouard Drumont](#)

Jewish France

Marpon and Flammarion , 1886(p. 331 - 359).

◄ III. - The Revolution and the First Empire IV. - The Restoration and the July Monarchy V. - The Second Republic and the Second Empire ►

IV

THE RESTORATION AND THE MONARCHY OF JULY

The liquidation account. - The advent of the Rothschilds. - The Restoration remains foreign to any feeling of justice and foresight. - French bankers are conspiring against themselves. - The Orleans family and the love of money. - Rothschild is Louis-Philippe's real minister. - Toussenel's masterpiece. - *The Jewish kings of the time*. - Saint-Simonism. - Financial philosophy. - The Pereire brothers. - The death of a shoemaker. - The last

protests of the Aryan spirit against the Semitic invasion. - Theater and literature. - Les *Chrétienneries* by Petrus Borel. - The contempt of the Duke of Orleans for the Jews.

THE RESTORATION AND THE MONARCHY OF JULY

In 1790 the Jew comes under the first Republic under the First Empire, he entered, he prowls, he seeks his place under the Restoration and the July Monarchy, he sits in the living room, under the Second Empire he lies in the beds of others, under the Third Republic, he begins to drive the French from their homes or forces them to work for him. In 1890, if, as I want to hope anyway, there is still enough hidden strength among us to snatch us from death, he will have returned to his point of departure and will have restored en bloc all that he had. taken in detail to overly hospitable and overconfident people.

In 1815, all the superb speeches delivered since 89, all the blood spilled on the scaffolds and on the battlefields, the beautiful deaths of politicians, heroes, heroines, Girondins, Montagnards, Vendéens, the courage of the soldiers of Sambre and Meuse, chouans, grognards, hussars of Lusoff, Scottish militias, Vergniaud, Saint-Just, Charrette, Cathelineau, Stofflet, Lannes, Davout, Bessières, Charlotte Corday, Mme Roland, the capitals of Europe taken in turn, the irresistible charges of cavalry led, lightning in their eyes, the Murat, the Lassalle, the Montbrun, the Nansouty, the Blucher, the Ziethen, the Platow, Valmy, the Pyramids, Marengo, Austerlitz, Waterloo, the genius of Napoleon, the cunning of Talleyrand, Wellington's tenacity - all of this resulted in *aliquidation account*. — This formidable human movement came to finish in the Judengasse of Frankfurt. The man of the day was a slavish and still crawling Jew who said: "y affre average" or "y affre bas moyen." "

The Aryans had killed each other for twenty-five years to bring to the pinnacle an abject-looking Semite who, while they were fighting, peacefully chopped ducats.

The liquidation account is the triumph of the Jew. Having one open is the dream he constantly cherishes. As long as an account like this lasts, we can be relatively quiet, as soon as it is closed, we must expect to see a new period of war start again which will open another.

Centralizing in his hands all the particular claims of Germany and England, Rothschild at the same time placed his funds at the disposal of the French government, he provided the money he

claimed and claimed the money he provided. Like the master Jacques de Volière, he changed roles according to the circumstances, he was by turns the most implacable of creditors and the most obliging of lenders. How to discuss the validity of a debt with someone who obliges you?

Under the pressure of this helpful Shylock, France had to pay the most improbable claims, the most fantastic reparations, the most chimerical debts to the last penny. Anything that armies of 1,500,000 men could have done in real or imagined damage in their walk through Europe amounted to the Restoration, but magnified by the filth at the hands of subordinate Jews, through which these claims had passed before arriving. in the hands already cleaner, but still greedy, of Rothschild. At Israel's call, the very past came out of the tomb and France had to pay the payoff of a regiment of German reiters that some principle had provided to Henry IV.

These deals, apparently exclusively financial, had the further advantage of powerfully serving the Jewish idea. The Jews scattered all over Europe, and who were repaid with a profit the debts they had bought for a piece of bread, knew that there was one of them in France who dealt with state affairs directly with the ministers.

James de Rothschild, who had already settled in rue de Provence, was no longer the little companion of yesteryear, he was an Austrian baron, please, thanks to M. de Metternich. If the Duchess of Angoulême, seized with surprise at the proposal, exclaimed: Fi then! When one spoke to him of admitting Mme de Rothschild in his presence, the Nucingen which traverses the work of Balzac with his tudesque gibberish was already a kind of character.

The Jews from across the Rhine, who were still timidly trying, it is true, to gain a foothold in Paris, were used to regard the Rothschild house as the mother house of French Judaism. With the spirit of solidarity which animates the race, the Rothschilds helped the newcomers, provided them with funds to do the little usury, at the same time they received from them valuable information and organized this police force which is unparalleled in the world. integer ^[1] .

The Restoration did not see the danger of this Jewish invasion, which Napoleon had so clearly discerned. Royalty had not for more than a century the meaning of France, it understood nothing of the Revolution, neither before nor after it lacked precisely what, at the origin, had made the greatness and the power of this Monarchy confined at the beginning in the Ile de France.

The strength of the first Capetians had been to identify with the French genius, to protect the economic interests of the country at the same time as to enlarge its territory and to increase its prestige by the arms. The last Bourbons did not have belligerent tastes, at a time when everyone, willy-nilly, had appeared on the battlefields, they had not fought once. Of these three brothers,

descendants of François Ier, Henri IV, Louis XIV, even Louis XV, so gallantly brave at Fontenoy, none had known how to risk his life to defend his throne.

What was lacking in them more than anything else, what was lacking in a way so fatal for us in the monarchists of the Assembly of 1871, was the principle without which all Christian monarchy is nonsense, the spirit of justice. *Discite justitiam moniti*, says the Scriptures... The Bourbons had been warned, but they did not like justice any more. If they had been fair, they would have had, to avenge human conscience, a dozen Conventionalists, among those who had shown the most fierceness, shot. against the unfortunate Louis XVI, and they would never have touched a soldier of the Grande Armée.

In everything they brought the same contempt for justice. Do you know what received from the Restoration, out of the billion emigrants, the felonious gentleman who had betrayed his king, cowardly abandoned a woman who trusted him, Lafayette, the main author of the Revolution? 450,000 pounds of annuity ...

During this time the Chouans, who had held the countryside while waiting for princes who did not appear, were dying of hunger in their roofless thatched cottages. Cathelineau's family had lost twenty-three of their family on the battlefields and Cathelineau's family lacked bread while Robespierre's sister received a pension of six thousand francs!

The conduct held towards the Vendéens by Louis XVIII, dominated by Elie, first duke Decazes and zealous Freemason, is a sad page in the history of the Restoration. By a real villainy, the king refused to recognize the ranks which he had himself granted and to reimburse the bonds that the chiefs had signed by his orders, for a war undertaken in his name, he did not even leave the advantages to the Vendée. that the Treaty of Jaunaie, concluded between Charrette and the republican government, had assured him.

The widow of Lescure and Louis de Larochejaquelein, known as M. Crétineau-joly in the *military Vendée*, the latter's sisters, the widow of Bouchampa were placed in surveillance in the middle of the Bocage. We searched in several houses, we even dared, in Saint-Aubin-de-Baubigné, to desecrate, from the impious contact of the police, the house where Henri and Louis de Larochejaquelein were born, this house whose windows open onto the cemetery where rest in their eternal sleep of glory the two brothers who died for the Bourbons.

The conservatives call it "playing politics" they claim that it takes men of proven skill to engage in this exercise, they thus manage to dishonor their cause and to be shamefully kicked out,

which does not. does not prevent them from starting over at the next opportunity. The monarchists of Versailles take Decazes fils as those of 1815 took Decazes father.

Justice, once again, is the best policy. If the Bourbons, grateful for the services rendered, had established for their loyal Britons small fiefdoms, half military, half rural, that their owners would have had an interest in defending, they would have found there a strategic center to reorganize their army and march again on Paris. when Lafayette, whom they had gorged, drove them away once more.

The Jews were therefore able, under the Restoration, to continue their silent work. The little synagogue on rue Saint Avoie, which we had been content with until 1821, had succeeded the temple on rue de la Victoire, a street name in which the Jews like to see an omen.

It was only in 1818 that the Semitic question returned to the Chambers. A courageous citizen, the Marquis de Latter, petitioned for the extension of the decrees of 1808 for ten more years. The House of Peers pronounced the agenda almost without discussion. Lanjuinais, a sad thing to say for a memory which deserves in so many other ways to be honored, asked for the floor to fight the petition. In the room of deputies the petition was more successful. A man of heart, Mr. Paillot de Loynes, concludes that the petition should be referred to the Ministry of Justice and the Interior. After a slight discussion, the Chamber of Deputies adopted these conclusions and the referral was pronounced, but occult influences prevented that the matter from being pursued.

The Jews, it must be admitted, then showed a great political spirit by making very little mention of them. There was a period of reserve and preparation.

With the stubbornness of this race, which is an eternal recommencer, the Jews, as we have said, had settled in the very place where they were when they had been driven out in the Middle Ages, rue des Juifs, then from there they had spread in the surroundings and occupied part of the Saint-Paul district. New arrivals from Germany and Poland gathered around the Mont-de-Piété and around the Temple, gradually invading the parishes of Saint-Jean, Saint-François and the Blancs-manteaux as far as Saint Merry, d on one side, while others, crossing the rue Saint Antoine, settled in the parish of Saint Gervais. Today, the parish of Saint-Eustache is almost entirely contaminated and the flood has penetrated under the arcades of the rue de Rivoli.

Fervor reigned in this reborn Kehilah. The synagogues of rue du Chaume and rue Saint Avoie were full.

Every Saturday, the little lamp was lit in these pious dwellings. For a year, when Mayer de Rothschild died, the office for the dead was celebrated every day, evening and morning, in the house of Salomon Blücher, cousin of James, who lived modestly in rue de l'Homme Armé.

The bulky and noisy Jew of today did not exist not yet. There was no question then of insulting the Christians, nor of associating with the dukes. As much, especially since 1870, terrified by the triumph and already imagining themselves to be completely our masters, they were cynical, grossly blasphemers, pitiless persecutors, as much, under the Restoration, they proved that they were capable of knowing how to wait.

They just had to wait, in fact. Given the absolute lack of any high mind in the bourgeoisie, it was obvious that it was going to do out of low envy what the nobility had done out of levity and ignorance.

The number of bankers of French origin was, at that time, quite small in Paris. "France," said Toussenet, "this great generous nation, is so repulsive by nature to the ignoble traffic which forces man to lie, that she had to bring infamous mercenaries from Judah and Geneva. "

Faced with the Rothschilds, the Hopes, the Barings, the Casimir Périers, the Laffitte, the Ternaux, the Delessert, however, in the financial world, they occupied a considerable position, together they could have prevented the Jewish bank, the German bank forever. , grab the finances, introduce theft into the market and ruin our country. They had been treated with consideration, as they deserved by their probity, by this improvident royalty, no doubt, loving the French too much to suspect the hatred that Freemasonry stirred up around it, but so upright, so pure, so irreproachable. from the point of view of honesty. They were in touch with ministers who were not yet, like those of today, stock marketers and mine-throwers without ore, but irreproachable men whowent out of business poor, often keeping, for any heritage, a name around which no suspicion arose.

A few petty grudges, the ardent desire to play a role stifled all patriotism among the bankers, they sponsored the opposition, they overthrew a royalty whose weaknesses undoubtedly history can judge severely, but which was honor even if it was compares to the governments that followed, which ensured our nation the first rank in Europe, which personified in so many beautiful ways the great and noble France of the ancestors, this France whose old king had put the colors on conquered Algiers before leaving for France. 'exile.

An affinity exists between the d'Orleans and the Jews. They both love money and this common cult brings them together. The Bourbons, true Aryans, do not suspect what the value of money is, they borrow it when they do not have it, when they have it they give it preferably to their enemies, in order to show they differ from the Bonapartes, who are equally generous, but who prefer to give to their friends, the d'Orleans know what it is to have, they say like the poet: *oportet habere* .

These similarities of temperament explain the preponderant role played by the House of Rothschild under the July Monarchy. In reality Rothschild was the prime minister of the reign and steadfastly held that position under changing council chairmen.

With the government of Louis-Philippe the reign of the Jew begins. Under the Restoration one could roughly know the number of Jews. The costs of worship being their responsibility, all were registered on the roll of the Consistory. In 1830, Rothschild had this measure repealed and made any census impossible, the religion of Moses was henceforth salaried by the State.

As Toussenel says: "there was no longer any royalty in France and the Jews kept it enslaved. "

From this reign of the Jews for eighteen years, an imperishable masterpiece emerged: *The Jews kings of the time* .

Pamphlet, philosophical and social study, work of poet, thinker, prophet, the admirable book of Toussenel is all of this at the same time and my only ambition, I admit, after long years of literary labor, would be that my book could take place near his in the library of those who will want to realize the causes which precipitated in the ruin and in the shame our glorious and dear country.

"He is a refined and a delicate above all," wrote to me one day M. de Cherville, who has points of contact with the author of *L'Esprit des bêtes* , who, like him, possesses the feeling of nature silvaine, and my correspondent was astonished, with a naivety which astonishes me in turn, that such a marvelous writer was not of the Academy, as if a man could achieve something when he has everything a nation on its heels.

Toussenel was more than that, he was a spirit that the contemplation of Nature had made deeply religious and which, if he had not lost himself in the utopias of the Phalanstery, would have gone straight to Christ.

He had what the saints had: love and hatred, love for the poor, the suffering, the humble, the hatred of rascals, exploiters, traffickers in human flesh.

In this eloquent book reviews the whole Philippine regime, more decent in appearance than our Republic, at bottom almost as rotten as it is. All the haggling is there, the Rothschild's diary is

told there in its messy kitchens and we meet the Léon Say, the John Lemoine, the Arons, the Charmes, the Berger, the Raffalowich, the Jacquots of the time. give official candidacies, directions, consulates, concessions while always threatening to refuse their precarious support, by getting angry when one proposes to pay them not what they consider themselves to be, but what they are worth.

Jewish exploitation is spread out there in all its cynicism. We see the king's ministers spending, to build the northern railroad, a hundred million, a huge sum for the time when we ignored the gigantic Israelite scams that we could admire, then we hear them, when all is over and that all that remains for the State to do is to exploit, to offer Rothschild forty years of exploitation for a derisory sum.

Fould is there too, competing with Rothschild, who causes the death of a hundred people by refusing to renew an out-of-service machine.

This Fould was the son of a scraper and the *Alsatian-Lorraine Biography* tells us throughout the curious origins of this family.

In the last century, she says, lived in Nancy, as a great lord and considered, the banker Cerfbeer of Medelsheim, general trustee of the Jews of Alsace and Lorraine. He was the father of eight children, including four sons, to whom he gave a broad and liberal education, but who, like true sons of a family, benefited little from it and placed their duties only after their pleasures.

At the bottom of the banker's window stood a small Jewish scraper, which illustrated the shoes of people going to the financier. This one noticed this child who was collecting the papers who were thrown out into the street, and practiced with a writing and counting pencil. Charmed by this application and pained by the laziness of his sons, he reproached them, cited the example of this poor little abandoned orphan, who acquired by himself the instruction only teachers of all kinds, experienced, dearly. paid, tried in vain to give them. Then opening the window he called the little-earner and said to him: "Sit there, my child, you are studious, you are wise, from now on you will share at this table the exercises of my son, and hope that it will be useful to you. all. "

What was said was done, the young scavenger was installed in the banker's hotel and took advantage of the instruction he received so liberally, became a valet de chambre, *factotum* from home, then employee, then cashier. He married one of M. Cerfbeer's chambermaids from Medelsheim, and finally wanted to set up on his own and founded a banking house in Paris. For that his benefactor made him an advance of thirty thousand francs, but they were not enough and the new bank collapsed. A new sum of thirty thousand francs was advanced, which did not raise matters, finally a third sum of the

same value was brought in post to the bankrupt by Mme Alcan, granddaughter of Cerfbeer and niece of General Baron Wolff. This time fortune smiled at Fould's efforts and never left him. He joined his son Benoît, who married a young lady Oppenheim, from Cologne, hence the company name *Fould and Fould Oppenheim*, long known. His other sons were Louis and Achille, the friend and minister of Napoleon III, his daughter became Mme Furtado.

Fould father died almost a hundred years ago, some thirty years ago. As for the gratitude that he and his family should have given to his benefactors, it is not for us to speak of it.

In Toussenel's book, the new Jewish feudalism is painted with a master's hand and we cannot resist the pleasure of reproducing the terrible picture that the illustrious writer draws.

Montesquieu forgot to define industrial feudalism, it's a shame. There were some stinging revelations on this subject. wait from the spiritual thinker who said: "The financiers support the state, as the rope supports the hanged man." Industrial, or financial or commercial feudalism is based neither on honor nor on honors, like the Republic and the Monarchy of Montesquieu. It is based on the commercial monopoly, oppressor and anarchic, its character is greed, insatiable greed, mother of cunning, bad faith and coalitions. All its institutions bear the stamp of monopolization, lies and iniquity.

If anarchic despotism only kills the superb and respects the humble, it is not so with the despotism of the safe.

The latter invades the poor man's cottage like the palace of the princes, any food suits his voracity. Like the subtle mercury ^[2] which creeps by its weight and its fluidity through all the pores of the matrix to seize the smallest particles of precious metal it contains, like the hideous tapeworm, whose parasitic rings all the viscera of the human body follow in their convolutions, so the mercantile vampire runs his suckers to the extreme ramifications of the social organism to pump out all the substance and extract all the juices.

The tone, under the regime of feudalism of money, is selfishness which vainly seeks to conceal itself under the mask of a hypocritical philanthropist.

Its motto is: *Each for himself* .

The words *fatherland* , *religion* , *faith* have no meaning for these men who have a shield in place of the heart.

A homeland, the merchants do not!

" *Ubi aurum, ibi patria* . Industrial feudalism is personified in the cosmopolitan Jew.

A Dutch religion tramples on Christ and spits in his face to acquire the right to trade with the Japanese!

No one better than Toussenel signaled the conquest of all the Christian states by the Jew.

The Jew, he writes, struck all the states with a new mortgage and a mortgage that those states will never repay with their income. Europe is subservient to the domination of Israel, this universal domination that so many conquerors dreamed of, the Jews have it in their hands, the God of Judas kept his word to the Prophets and gave victory to the sons of the Macabees. Jerusalem imposed tribute on all states, the clearest product of the labor of all workers passes into the purse of the Jews under the name of *interest on the national debt* .

If the German Jews represented by Rothschild had so quickly managed to monopolize most of the public fortune, it should be recognized that they had been powerfully helped by the Portuguese Jews.

The Saint-Simonian school, which was recruited in large part from among the Jews, without however excluding the Christians of origin, was certainly one of the most interesting attempts of the human spirit.

Saint-Simonism was an attempt by the Jew to get out of his prison, which was no more than a moral ghetto, to become what Henri Heine called a *liberated Jew* . Without rallying to Christianity, the Jew got around the difficulty by founding a new religion.

Undoubtedly, there again, material enjoyment, the satisfaction of present life, the love of well-being, the worship of money were the dominant elements, but a hint of social organization nevertheless appeared. We opened to people great visions of the future, without any exclusion, I repeat, we invited all the sons of the human family to magnificent feasts, we dangled in front of them the prospects of a promised land. A part was even reserved for those noble feelings of the soul, those principles of respect, faith, fraternity without which man falls to the rank of animal.

Artists, thinkers, writers, men with plans, the Saints Simonians did not blaspheme badly, they did not basely outrage these beautiful ideas which have civilized the world. In all they were the negation of Judaism that we see at work and that we can call Freemasonic Judaism or Gambian Judaism. The Saints Simonians proposed to resolve the social question, the Gambettist declares that there is no social question any more than there is a good Lord. Nothing to do on earth when

one is not born a slave, nothing to hope for in heaven. When Gambetta or his successors. Ferry, Tirard, Paul Bert and those around them are full, the others can brush their stomachs without having the right to seek an absent Providence in an empty firmament.

Saint-Simonism, moreover, was deeply artistic, it had musicians like David, critics like Thoré, writers like Pierre Leroux, Jean Reynaud, Buchez, Émile Chevalier, Lerminier. The Gambettist, as Zola very rightly explained, had and still has, because he is not quite dead, the scholar's hatred for all that is literature and art, he can only show that valets de plume like Laurent or histrions like Coquelin.

Capefigue discerned, with his usual penetration, the characters which differentiate closed Judaism from Saint-Simonism which one might call open Judaism.

The Saint-Simonian spirit and the Judaic spirit, he writes, have this similarity that both tend to speculation, to fortune, but Saint-Simonism is colored, passionate, poetic. He does social humanitarian theory while Judaism confines itself to working, speculating, earning, one makes the golden ducat shine, puts it under the prism of the sun, the other is content to put it in its purse leather without ever being dazzled by the false shine: Is it of good quality? that's all he looks at, appreciates and makes him decide.

The characteristic of the Jews who crucified the true Messiah is to try to create false ones. Neither Bazaar nor childish were up to the role. The non-Jewish Saints Simonians followed their chimeras on all roads, the Jewish Saints Simonians, like the Rodrigues and the Pereires, quickly reverted to the instinct of the race and began to do business.

The Rothschilds, speculators who are not very speculative by nature, were, understandably, careful not to follow the Jews of the Saint-Simonian school in their attempts to regenerate the world. In the immense Paris of ideas and utopias, they have always been the same as in their wooden house with thick wire mesh in the Judengasse in Frankfurt, they wait for someone to knock on the door to open the peephole and ask what pledge brings.

The Pereire brothers' first project, the Saint-Germain railroad, had hardly appealed to them, however, as Jacob refused nothing to his brothers, they helped and sponsored their former employees a little.

When success came, they found that there was really some benefit to be made in this path. Only, with regard to the northern railroad, they begged the Pereires not to concern themselves with the

organizational details,

When it was all over, when France had spent a hundred million to give the Rothschilds a brand new railroad, James called in the Pereires and gave them something like this:

"How little do you realize the mission of each race!" The Aryan must invent, find steam, for example, and then die of hunger in an attic, he must, moreover, in the form of taxpayers, more or less numerous, spend a certain number of millions to open the network. Then, but only then, we Semites intervene to feel the dividends. This is how we work with the goy . Is it not written in the Talmud that the Jew is a man and that those who are not Jews are seed of cattle? Deuteronomy, verse 11, chapter VI, does he not say, Jehovah your God will give you houses full of all the good things which you have not built? Remember this lesson for love of me and praise the Holy One Blessed for being Jews like me otherwise you would not have a penny of the sums that come back to you and that I will hasten to pay you. "

The Pereires then understood that the moment would not have come to break with the God of Moses, they drew closer to their co-religionists, but nevertheless kept in Judaism, a distinct and apart figure.

Isaac Pereire was a man of great worth. With his handsome head of a patriarch, his supple and dignified manners at the same time, he really looked like a descendant of David. The hands alone, rapacious and hooked, betrayed the race.

One cheerful April morning I still see this great old man in this magnificent hotel in the rue Saint-Honoré. In front of the study extended a large terrace adorned with busts, then, after descending a few marble steps, we entered this splendid garden which goes as far as Avenue Gabriel and which exerted, on the visitor leaving the muddy and gloomy street, this particular attraction of urban parks that we discover between two houses.

On an armchair near the table was an adorable Pater bought at a sale the day before. As I was examining this dapper and fresh canvas on which the French guards, while sipping champagne, cheerfully chafed maids who were not very rebellious and actresses not very shy, the old man said to me in his very singing and very gentle voice: Is it pretty? ?

If it was pretty, he didn't know it anymore. The eyes were almost completely extinguished and, to ask for an ultimate enjoyment in the art he had sincerely loved, the owner of so many wonders passed his hand to guess the outlines on the statues which decorated his park.

A noble vision of serenity and grandeur came to my soul in this imposing setting, and yet consider what the association of ideas is. While the birds, put to joy by the first smiles of spring, chirped in the trees of the garden, a stubborn memory came to me from my father's shoemaker. He lived in lodgings perched high in a sad, airless, fetid house on the rue Quincampoix. One day my mother took me with her to find out why we weren't bringing a pair of boots that had been promised a long time ago. When we arrived in the black staircase, a dreadful staircase with a damp banister that I still feel, so vivid are the childish impressions, oozing under my fingers, a whole world of gossips, neighbors, workers commented on the lamentable story. of the unfortunate. With the savings of his whole life, Through a Jewish money changer, bought shares in Crédit Mobilier without his wife's knowledge, he had lost everything and he had hanged himself with the cords of his work apron.

These small details did not disturb, I suppose, Isaac Pereire, he was however faithful to the humanitarian theories of his youth, after having started by making his happiness to him, he dreamed of making the happiness of the whole world.

Gladly he placed the famous aphorism in the conversation:

"All social institutions must aim at improving the moral, intellectual and physical lot of the largest and poorest class. "

Note that Saint-Simonism did not improve this spell in any way, quite the contrary. The poor driver who, night and day standing on his locomotive, exposed to cold and heat, his face whipped by snow and wind, contracts one of those terrible diseases which science remains powerless to cure, is much inferior, from a physical and moral point of view, to the good villager who lived peacefully in a corner of old France, did not work beyond his strength and fell asleep in death with the hope of enjoying the eternal beatitudes.

The same is true of the famous motto: "To each according to his ability, to each ability according to his works." "How many Jewish slaves, from Frankfurt or Cologne, who came to France in the wake of the Rothschilds, and who have neither capacity, nor good or bad works, possess the superfluous, while the men, who have capacity and who have produced works, lack the necessary!

None of these doctrines stand up to scrutiny, and like so many others, Isaac Pereire always preached participation without ever having involved those around him in anything.

Let us take advantage of the circumstance to point out the *joking* side of all these so-called apostles of Progress. Here, for example, a man like Isaac Pereire, who has all his life sung

association, cooperation, how did he not have the idea of saying: "Hey, I was a journalist and hardworking in My youth, the newspaper *Liberty* is only a pin in a ball of fifty millions, I will leave the property to all my editors who will join together to exploit it in common, there will be an interesting essay. "

These apparent seekers of social solutions are far removed from such conceptions. They are less advanced, from the point of view of devotion to their fellows, than the Romans of the decadence who not only, as countless inscriptions testify, freed their slaves, before expiring, but left them something to live on. quiet. "After I die," said Trimalcion himself, "I want my slaves to drink free water. "

The Pereires, however, are relatively good people. They live very simply and do not even have, I believe, a box at the Opera, they do good, moderately, but they do and they do it silently, from a family that is infinitely more honorable and more French than the Rothschilds. , they do not have, like those escaped from the ghetto, the fury to put themselves forward ceaselessly, the gross impudence to come and crush with their insolent splendor families whose names are gloriously mixed with our history. This attitude attracts them consideration, and, in the worldly relation, they are as respected as the Rothschilds, with their pretensions.ridiculous, are hated, scorned and despised by those who frequent them.

With the ideas they stirred up, the Pereires rendered to Judaism, under the government of Louis-Philippe, the immense service of bringing the Jews out of their isolation, of mingling them more closely with the community, of putting the spotlight on the horizon the silhouette of the humanitarian Jew apparently serving the cause of civilization.

For the old usury the Rothschilds had substituted State loans, the Pereires created a whole new financial system, benefits of credit, incessant turnover of money, circulation of capital, they enveloped the whole in a simulacrum of philosophy and 'a hint of literature: bringing peoples together, improvement, elimination of pauperism....

Doubtless the Pereires themselves would not have found this on their own. To their intimates they showed the skull of Saint-Simon which they had piously kept in their home, one can say that this skull was an emblem. As unfortunate emptied skull scratched priest scraped by the two brothers were out all ideas of Credit Foncier and Credit Mobilier, all societies labels that enriched Israel in the XIXth century.

The merit of the bankers of the rue Saint-Honoré was to see what could be learned from this theme. They thus provided the German Jews with this little story, this peaceful *Romanacero* or warrior that must always be told to the Aryan while his loot is being taken from him, the music necessary to accompany the extraction of the molars.

This staging was not unnecessary.

The invasion of the Jew, in fact, obediently suffered today, then raised violent protests.

The romantic school, which had literally resuscitated ancient France, rectified many misconceptions, reconstituted with their color and their relief the mores of the past and the existence of the disappeared generations, had been able to realize, in its study of the past, reasons which justified the repulsion of our ancestors for the Jew.

In Victor Hugo, the epithet of foul is almost always appended to the name of the Jew.

French society protested vigorously against the enemy who was going to destroy it by trickery. All Paris, revolted by the luxury in bad taste that Nucingen traded in, clapped their hands frantically at the *Marie Tudor* scene, where Fabiani-Delafose said to Lockroy Gilbert: "They are all like that, these Jews." Lies and theft are the whole Jew. "

At the inauguration of the Northern Railway some fanatics tried to shout: "Long live Rothschild!" But immediately whistles and hoots were heard. In Versailles, the crowd gathered, bursting into laughter, in front of *Abdel-Kader's Smalah* where Vernet had represented Fould in the guise of a Jew fleeing with the cassette.

At that time we dared what no one would dare now. The Rothschilds were openly attacked, and 75,000 were published and sold of witty and witty pamphlets that contain amazing details of the Jewry's tampering.

It was called: *Edifying and curious story of Rothschild the king of the Jews, - Rothschild I, his servants and his people, war on rascals*, etc., and was the joy of a still independent Paris. The *Etrennes à Rothschild, Almanach des mille et un*, had the same success.

We must also mention in this order a peculiar pamphlet, published in 1846, all of the predictions of which have come true and which seems to relate today's events. Its title was: *Grand Trial between Rothschild I, king of the Jews, and Satan, last king of impostors: judgment rendered on the indictment of Junius, general rapporteur*. On the first page, we read: *Judgment given to the Forum in favor of J. Rothschild, claiming to be king of the Jews, formerly usher of the courts of Europe, general farmer of public works of France, Germany, England, etc., etc., suzerain of discount, usury,*

pawnshop, stock-trading, etc., financier, industrialist, decorated with the order of Christ, with the order of the Legion of honor, etc., etc.

For the maintenance of the legitimate privileges, monopolies, universal omnipotence of the Rothschild house and in particular of the said James Rothschild I.

As early as 1835, a work by a named Renault Becourt had appeared, of which we have only been able to find the prospectus, because the Jews do away with all the books where they are judged a little harshly.

The work was entitled: *Universal Conspiracy of Judaism, fully revealed, dedicated to all the sovereigns of Europe, to their ministers, to statesmen and generally to all classes of society threatened by these perfidious projects.*

The author was already pointing out the progressive invasion which has assumed such formidable proportions for fifteen years.

Since the liberation of the Jews from France, he said, their number has grown so much that in the provincial towns where there were barely a few hundred, they are now numbered in the thousands. What did not take hold of their views usurious? In what kind of commerce have they not by their secret and skilfully combined tricks failed a crowd of respectable merchants? Ask the unfortunate who once enjoyed a sufficient fortune where their possessions have gone.

It is certain that the good of the French who, from the rich became poor, must have gone somewhere. The Jews not being, as far as I know, arrived covered with gold from the bottom of Germany, it is obvious, in spite of all the new systems of political economy, that they had to take where they were the wealth. of which they pride themselves.

The Jews, who now have almost the entire press to themselves, with a few rare exceptions, had yet bought only the *Press*, the *Debates*, the *Constitutional* and the *Century*, which refused the advertisements of the brochures unpleasant to Rothschild.

The independent newspapers of all parties, the *Reformation*, the *National*, the *Peaceful Democracy*, the *Corsaire Satan*, the *Universe*, the *Quotidienne*, *France*, written by valiant and French pens, overwhelmed, with their biting epigrams, their revelations indignant, these Turcarets swollen with crowns. It was in vain that the *Israelite Archives* took heaven to witness the virtues of Israel, the earth responded by recounting its misdeeds.

In July 1845, a charming spirit, a little turned towards the strange, but of an exquisite originality, Pétrus Borel, wrote a true masterpiece in the *Journal du Commerce*, about a performance given to a lot of advertisements, by Rachel and the tribe of Felix, he treated from top to bottom, with the subtle insolence of a scholar, whose feather leaves bruises on the skin like a gentleman's whip, all this band of bohemians and street singers, who ended up taking the upper hand in Paris.

"The Jew is more and more invasive," he wrote, without suspecting to what extent he was a prophet, in art as in the city, the time is not far off when this race once proscribed and burnt will have so much to us. decimated and submissive that our cities will only have in a small corner of their suburbs a *Christian community* where the remains of the last Christians will be relegated to opprobrium and misery, as in the Middle Ages they each had a Jewry where the last rotted debris of Judea.

Poor wretch! The Jews, according to their custom, pursued him all life, they tracked him like a wild beast, he was already dying when they managed to snatch from him the small job he held in Algeria, where he had taken refuge for the to run away. Thanks to their intrigues, Pétrus Borel, the great writer, died of *starvation!*

There was here, once again, a very curious movement of defense against Semitism, on which we lack the space to insist as it should. Someone will undoubtedly be found to devote a chapter to this subject which will be instructive and for which new information will be provided, this question, in fact, which has been dormant for nearly thirty years, is only coming into play. discussion, the monopolization of all newspapers by the Jews even prevents it from developing.

The historians of the XIXth century return on all this as it keeps coming on some forgotten or little known episodes of XVIIIth and XVIIIth century. When we study this point, most journalists of the reign of Louis Philippe, whatever opinion they belong to, will appear in a very beautiful role, very far-sighted, very perceptive, very political, absolutely disdainful of money which deputies and statesmen shamelessly accepted from the Rothschilds and the Foulds.

The Duke of Orleans was also very struck by this invasion of a new kind and proposed to put it in order. This prince, so easy at first, so affable for all and who treated artists as comrades, never wanted to receive Rothschild at his table. In 1842, when the baron expressed a desire to attend the Chantilly races, the Duke of Orleans refused to admit him to his tribune.

A very significant passage from the eloquent author of the *Jewish Kings at the time* shows us what the Prince Royal's feelings were on this point ^[3].

Sire, the Prince Royal, your beloved son, moaned bitterly at the encroachments of this insatiable power of the Jews, of those Jews, he said, who violate power, crush the country, and bring up to the innocent throne the curses of the overworked worker.

He thought, in his dreams of future royalty, of freeing himself from a shameful vasselage, of breaking this new feudalism so burdensome for kings and for peoples, but he did not conceal the perils of the struggle from himself. Perhaps royalty will succumb in this struggle, he said one day to one of us, for these bankers will for a long time yet become, against the king, a weapon of the ignorance of this same people as the king will have wanted to serve they will irritate his sufferersfrances by their lying press, they will again empty their workshops in the public square, they will launch their unoccupied serfs against the palace, and to lull the fury of this people, after they have unleashed them, they will throw at them to devour a royalty more. I know that harsh contingencies await us, but there is already no more to shrink from the dangers of war, for the dangers of peace are even more imminent ... It is necessary that, without further delay, the royalty of today Now *take the people back from the Jews* , otherwise this government *will perish through its Jews* .

Did the Count of Paris know these noble words when he was still sitting down with his family at Rothschild's table some time ago, when his daughter was taking her first steps in the world at Ferrières? What a start for a girl from France!

-
1. *On this subject, see Capefigue's book: Histoire des Grandes Opérations Financiers that the future, more just than the present, will include among the rare works of this time destined to survive. Also consult a financial book signed Auguste Chirac: La Haute Banque et les Révolutions . The author has hardly done more than distinguish Capefigue. The only interesting part of his book is that which touches on contemporary financiers, on which he gives curious indications.*
 2. *Note, again, that the Toussenel phalansterian is found in the expression with the Parisian merchants the XVIIIth century, which we have reproduced in part the request .*
 3. *The heroic Prince Imperial, whom the Freemason Carrel ambushed and assassinated in Zululand, had exactly the same feelings, and we can say that we will find traces of them in the draft constitution and the political works emanating from him , which will be published some day. While showing himself to be opposed to any idea of religious persecution, the young Prince strongly affirmed the need to protect the worker against Jewish exploitation, to defend savings against the maneuvers of the financiers.*

Récupérée de

« https://fr.wikisource.org/w/index.php?title=La_France_juive/Livre_Deuxième/IV&oldid=9951880 »

Last edited 2 years ago by Wuyouyuan

Content is available under the CC BY-SA 3.0 license unless otherwise noted.